



GLEANINGS
from
MERRIMAC VALLEY

SHEAF NUMBER ONE

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GLEANINGS
FROM
MERRIMAC VALLEY,

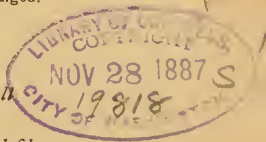
BY
REBECCA I. DAVIS.
"

SHEAF NUMBER ONE.

Third Edition, Revised and Enlarged.

*"Stream of my fathers! sweetly still
The sunset-rays thy valley fill;
Poured slantwise down the long defile,
Wave, wood, and spire beneath them smile."*

HAVERHILL, MASS. :
CHASE BROTHERS, 13 - 15 WASHINGTON ST.
1887



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1887

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1881—1887

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TO THE
Lovers of Whittier's Poems,
ESPECIALLY THE COUNTESS AND SNOW BOUND,
THIS LITTLE VOLUME
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
BY
THE AUTHOR.

➤ Gleanings from Merrimac Valley, ⤵

By REBECCA I. DAVIS.

DANVERS, January 12, 1882

"Thanks for your pretty little book, which I have read with pleasure. I thank thee heartily for gathering up the histories and traditions of dear old Haverhill."

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

"Have read your book with a great deal of interest. Trust you will give us other new and interesting sketches."

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

"Have met with but few narratives of late better worth reading than that of Harriet Livermore. May your pretty volume find its way to many a Christmas table"

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

"Have read your 'Gleanings' with much interest, and my husband, who is better acquainted with the people and things referred to, was even more interested."

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

"Have read your book with great interest, and hope you will record with your graceful pen, other interesting scenes and legends of our beloved valley."

BEN: PERLEY POORE.

SHEAF NUMBER TWO.

"Have been much interested in the little volume."

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

"A beautiful volume—full of matters of interest to natives and residents from Haverhill to the sea."

PORTLAND TRANSCRIPT.

"A delightful book, especially to all lovers of Whittier."

NORMAL HERALD, IND.

"Miss Davis is doing a valuable work in her reminiscences of Whittier and characters spoken of in his poems."

HAVERHILL BULLETIN.

"The volume is written with the characteristic modesty and simplicity of the author."

HAVERHILL GAZETTE.

PREFACE.

A CERTAIN writer has said, "The Merrimac Valley is to New England what Greece is to the world—the cradle of the great and the good, the birth-place of art, genius, song, oratory, and moral greatness.

"So many are the interesting reminiscences, traditions and histories of our river, it would take a lifetime to write them all, and he who would perform that task would die in love with his labor, and seek no better reward, if the spirits of the dead linger about the earth, than to have his eternal allotment where he could see the bright waters of the Merrimac flow to the sea."

Receiving our birth upon its enchanted borders, we have listened from childhood to its romances, histories and traditions with marvelous interest; and among our gleanings, sketched briefly the lives of two individuals made famous in history, by the allusion to them of our townsman poet in his works, viz: Miss Harriet Livermore, the "half welcome guest" of Snow Bound, and the Countess, Mrs. Francis de Vipart, to both of which additions have here been made.

We had no idea when writing them of placing them on permanent record in book form, but the unexpected favor which they have received, together with the advice of friends

that they be thus preserved with other gleanings, gathered as we have wandered along the banks of our charming river in earlier and later years, we deem sufficient apology.

It is with many misgivings that we venture upon the public our simple work, trusting if it possesses any real merit, our friends will not fail to discover it, asking a kindly forbearance for all imperfections also.

To the critic, we would say, no one is more aware of the existence of them than ourselves, but would remind them in the language of Pope that

“Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne’er was, nor is, nor e’er can be.
In every work, regard the writer’s end,
Since none can compass more than they intend.
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause in spite of trivial fault is due.”

To the many friends who have aided us in our work, by words of encouragement, subscription, etc., we tender our sincere thanks, hoping that the perusal of the following simple volume may not be wholly without pleasure or profit.

R. I. D.

EAST HAVERHILL, MASS., September, 1881.

NOTE.

The ready sale of two editions of our little volume, and an increasing call for the same, is our only apology for the publication of the present edition, with a few more pages.

R. I. D.

EAST HAVERHILL, September, 1887.

CONTENTS.

Portrait taken 1838	- - - -	Frontispiece
Miss Harriet Livermore	- - - - -	11
Whittier's Countess	- - - - -	40
The Old Garrison House	- - - - -	53
Visit to Whittier's Birthplace	- - - -	58
Lines Read at a Whittier Entertainment	- - -	67
Part Two, Poems,	- - - - -	69
Dedication	- - - - -	71
The Sea	- - - - -	72
Not to Die	- - - - -	74
I Love the Woods	- - - - -	76
Ambition	- - - - -	77
Strew Flowers, Memorial Day, 1874	- - -	79
Bridal Hymn	- - - - -	82
Beautiful Gate	- - - - -	83

Lines, written for a Temperance Reform Club, 1878	85
Alone With God - - - - -	88
Fidelity - - - - -	90
Lines, written with reference to the attempted assassination of President Garfield, and the day set apart by the Governor of Massachusetts to pray for his recovery - - - - -	92
Childhood - - - - -	93
To Mr. and Mrs. J. P. - - - - -	65
The Outcast - - - - -	96
Semi Centennial Hymn - - - - -	99
Call Me Darling, Papa - - - - -	102
Temperance Hymn - - - - -	104
Lines - - - - -	105
New Year, 1873 - - - - -	107
Earth's Jewels - - - - -	108
Lines, written for a Holmes' Entertainment, April 14, 1881 - - - - -	110
On the Reception of a Lovely Rose - - - - -	112
Olden Memories - - - - -	113
Winter Scenes - - - - -	114
I Would I Were a Careless Child - - - - -	117
A Kingdom that Cannot be Moved - - - - -	118
The Refiner - - - - -	120
Gleaning - - - - -	122

CONTENTS.

9

Silver Wedding Hymn	- - - - -	124
Woman	- - - - -	126
April Day	- - - - -	127
No Weeping There	- - - - -	128
New England	- - - - -	131
Autumn	- - - - -	132
The Crusaders	- - - - -	134
Lines, presented to a friend, Christmas, 1873, with a picture made from autumn leaves	- - - - -	135
Lines, read at the Memorial Services of President Garfield, in the Baptist Church, East Haverhill, Sunday, September 25, 1881	- - - - -	135

HARRIET LIVERMORE,
OF SNOW BOUND.

Born April 14, 1788. Died March 30, 1868.

THE name of Harriet Livermore, the Religious Enthusiast and Pilgrim Preacher, was not unknown to Fame before the appearance of *Snow Bound*; but since Whittier has given her so large a place, as forming one of the interesting characters on that "wintry night," it is destined to live as long as the lovers of poetry shall delight to pore over this simple, but beautiful poem, which a late writer has pronounced his "crowning work." She was the granddaughter of Hon. SAMUEL LIVERMORE, who settled in Portsmouth, N. H., in 1758, and was appointed by Gov. Wentworth, Attorney General

to the Crown for New Hampshire, and one of the former's principal advisers in the troubles of the day. He was also a Judge, and United States Senator from 1796 to 1801. In 1769 he removed to Holderness, N. H., and purchased a large tract of its territory. "He was a prominent man in that region, presiding at the Convention which formed its Constitution, which is subscribed with his name."

In a work by Meader, entitled Merrimac River, its Source and Tributaries, may be found quite a sketch of him, from which we extract the following: "He was a dignified, austere and high-toned gentleman, whose habitation seemed to be among the clouds, and never to mix or mingle with ordinary mortals." He married Jane, daughter of Rev. Arthur Browne, of Portsmouth, N. H., who so gracefully performed the ceremony which united Gov. Wentworth to the simple, but beautiful Martha Hilton,—an incident which Longfellow has immortalized in verse. The silver tankard which the Governor took from the table at the conclusion of the ceremony and gave to Arthur Browne, is still in possession of his descendants."

Judge Livermore died in Holderness, in 1803,

and was buried in the shadow of the church which he built, and for many years supported. The large "Livermore Mansion" was converted into an Episcopal seminary. The building was burnt a few years since and another erected upon its site.

Hon. Edward St. Loe Livermore, father of Harriet, we find by a sketch recently written of him by Mrs. C. L. A., "was born in Portsmouth, N. H., 1762, studied law at Newburyport, Mass. in the office of Chief Justice Parsons; was appointed by President Washington United States District Attorney, and afterward Justice of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire, serving also for three terms in Congress during his second residence in Newburyport. When quite young he married for his first wife Miss Mehitable, mother of Harriet, and daughter of Robert Harris, Esq., of Concord, N. H., who died at the age of twenty-eight, leaving five children, all of whom are dead. She was a highly educated and agreeable woman.

While residing in Portsmouth, he afterwards married Miss Sarah Crease, daughter of William Stackpole, a distinguished merchant of Boston. Her sweet temper and Christian life warmly attached

her to all who knew her. She died at Lowell, Mass., October 5th, 1859. Judge Livermore died at his residence in Lowell, September 15th, 1832, where he had lived quietly for twenty-six years, and was buried in the Old Granary Burying Ground, Boston. He left seven children, four of whom are living. Although of a quick and hot temper, he was a just, hospitable and upright man."

Harriet Livermore, the subject of our sketch, was born April 14, 1788, at Concord, N. H., where her father removed soon after being admitted to the bar. Though generous to a fault, from childhood her disposition was wholly uncontrollable, and so much did she dislike her step-mother that her father boarded her from home most of the time, giving her the best advantages of education.

In "Pilgrim Stranger," written by Rev. S. T. Livermore, she says, "Even in my cradle an uneasy habit was so apparent, that my dear mother lamented it ere she left the world. My disposition was hasty and impetuous, but I was always ready to confess and ask forgiveness for any fault."

When scarcely five years old, Miss Livermore was bereft of a tender mother's care and love, whose

memory was fondly cherished through life and her loss bitterly lamented. When about eight years of age, her father placed her at a boarding school in Haverhill, Mass., and as she frequently visited in the family of the late Judge Minot, she was introduced into the highest circles. While residing on Spring Street, Newburyport, she attended Byfield Female Seminary, and subsequently at Atkinson Academy, numbering among her schoolmates the mother of Major Ben: Perley Poore, of West Newbury, Mass. In 1816 her father removed to Lowell, Mass., and the old "Yellow House" so dilapidated that it has since become an appendage of St. John Hospital, was formerly known as the "Elegant Livermore Mansion." "Of all the lives connected with this old home," says a Lowell writer, "perhaps none could be found to possess more strange and eventful history than that of the beautiful Harriet Livermore." Many others speak of her as beautiful, and Whittier, who has kindly furnished us with several items of information (sought in vain elsewhere), writes: "In my boyhood Miss Livermore was a fine looking young woman," of fair complexion, black hair, "a yard and a quarter in length,"

vying with the raven in hue and glossiness, and very large black eyes, shaded by heavy arches, to which Whittier refers thus :

“And under low brows black with night
Rayed out at times a dangerous light.”

In person she was of medium height, and unusually graceful, as the following bears testimony :

“While spending the winter at the Capitol with her father when a member of Congress, a correspondent in addressing a letter to a Haverhill paper, spoke in very complimentary terms of the “gracefulness with which the beautiful Harriet Livermore tripped to and fro in the ‘Merry Dance,’ among the elite of Washington.”

Years afterward, in the same city, and by permission of President Jackson, she gave one of her religious addresses to an assembled Congress, being the first female who has ever spoke publicly within its halls. At this date, 1886, we learn “that she spoke under three other administrations, viz : Martin Van Buren’s, John Tyler’s and John Quincy Adams.” A pioneer truly, in female speaking ! Possessed of high mental culture and brilliant

powers of conversation, no wonder she was so pleasing, except when the "Vixen instead of the Devotee" displayed itself, which was not unfrequent.

Nearly seventy years ago Miss Livermore came to East Haverhill, Mass., the home of Whittier's "Countess," and taught school several terms in the old brown school-house, where a reservoir has been placed and one or two terms in private houses. Though the Whittier children sometimes attended school in this locality, yet the poet informs us he never was a pupil of Miss Livermore, but she frequently came to his father's house, and hence the acquaintance.

A lady* of eighty years, a former pupil, recalls the very devout manner in which Miss Livermore taught them to repeat the Lord's prayer and 119th Psalm in concert. With closed eyes, and the "sweet voice" to which Snow Bound refers, she would repeat it in tones so soft and low, as if an angel had strayed from out the domains of Paradise, and her sister E. of six years so closely imitated her style as to be hardly distinguished, to the astonishment of all who listened, and the exceeding gratification of her ambitious teacher. Lucky child, indeed ! but woe to the poor unfortu-

*Since deceased.

nate ones, who for some slight offence incurred her displeasure ! Threats of coming vengeance as well as the blows inflicted, often frightened the poor victims to such an extent, that it was found difficult to get them to return at the next session, and when spoken to of her threats Miss Livermore would say, "Of course I did not mean to fulfil them."

Strange that a teacher of so arbitrary and passionate a disposition should have been employed a second term, but it was doubtless owing to her fine accomplishments and high social position.

Needlework and embroidery of exquisite design were taught to her pupils, the patterns of which she designed.

A pretty cambric work-bag is in possession of the writer, wrought by a pupil under her charge, the initials of the child, M. P. (Mary Pillsbury), being wrought by Miss Livermore's own hands in a very skillful manner. Some of her pupils are still living, and all testify that Whittier has given as correct a description of her character and moods, as the artist of the picture from which our photograph is taken.

"The photograph," says the Quaker poet, "repre-

sents her much as I saw her in Philadelphia in 1838, and is I think, from an engraving published forty years ago," when fifty-two years of age.

While attending Atkinson Academy, N. H., in early life, Miss Livermore became deeply fascinated with a very promising and scholarly young man, Moses H. Elliott, from East Haverhill, who afterward became a physician and settled for awhile in Portsmouth, N. H., and so far was her regard reciprocated, that it was generally supposed marriage would ensue. But at length the intimacy was broken at his request.

Opposition on the part of the families of each lest the union should not prove a happy one, together with a disposition on her part evidently unfavorable to domestic bliss, have always been believed by his relatives and friends to be the real causes of separation.

With a spirit that could brook no opposition, like lovers in every age, vainly did Harriet strive to remove the prejudices of Dr. E.'s family by the "honeyed music of her tongue," and oft-times by little gifts. Kneeling one day at his mother's feet, she besought her to accept the elegant silk and

golden chain she brought and no longer oppose the marriage ; but neither gift nor proposal was accepted, and when years afterward the news of her lover's death came back from the "Sunny South," with a spirit of triumph and revenge she said to his father, "If the family had not opposed their union, this bitter grief would have been spared them, for he would not have exiled himself thus and died among strangers." How much truth was contained in the above declaration it is difficult to judge, but such opposition is not always wise.

Some have thought that had the union been consummated, the amiable and gentle spirit of Dr. E. would have had such a subduing and softening influence upon the "woman's tropical intense," as to have resulted in domestic happiness to both. If not, it was far better as it was.

But it was not without a struggle that Dr. E. left his early home as it proved, forever. A deceased sister told us long years since, "that there was but little sleep in the house the night before he left," for nearly till the day dawned he was heard pacing to and fro in his room, whose ancient walls alone witnessed his pent up grief.

Soon after their separation, near the close of the War of 1812, Dr. Elliott was appointed surgeon in the United States Army, and received at its close a high compliment for his faithfulness and skill in relieving the wants of the sick and dying, as also for his gentlemanly bearing. He sustained the office of surgeon under government until his death, having charge, at that time, of the hospital at Pensacola, Florida, where he fell a victim to yellow fever in 1822. Said a Haverhill paper at that time, in alluding to him, "In the devoted performance of duty, alone in the midst of pestilence and death, exhibiting a heroism equalled only upon the battle-field."

Some thirty years ago, Dr. E.'s brother went to Pensacola, and obtaining his remains, caused them to be re-interred in Greenwood Cemetery, East Haverhill, where he sleeps with "his fathers," not far from his old homestead, known as the "Garrison House" of colonial days. A plain, neat stone marks the spot, near the grave of Whittier's "Countess,"—both places of growing interest. The headstone bears also the inscription of his brother James. Below it is seen, "Moses H. Elliott, died September 22, 1822, aged 33 years." Entering the

cemetery by the main path bordering upon the left hand, a few rods from the entrance, the grave is easily found. Whether Dr. E.'s long exile resulted from fears lest a return stir olden memories too deeply, was the supposition of his friends at that time, but for its truth we cannot vouch.

To Miss Livermore the broken intimacy was a source of disappointment, judging from some sad fragments of verse written after the leaving of her lover for his Southern home, which probably caused her to become even more moody and eccentric. We learn from "Pilgrim Stranger" that Harriet "embraced religion at the age of twenty-three and joined the Congregational church in 1818," as she was not satisfied with the Episcopal Confirmation received at the age of fourteen, previous to her conversion. In 1825 she asked dismissal of the Congregational church and joined the Baptists, which she soon discarded, her aim, she says, being "to draw from the sacred Word my ideas concerning the sublime subjects connected with the word Religion." Embracing at one time the Perfectionist doctrine, Miss Livermore stated with great positiveness to a Christian friend, "that she was wholly

incapable of sinning." When lo ! and behold ! in conversation a few minutes after, she burst forth into a perfect storm of wrath, to the surprise of her friend, who could only reply by saying, "Christian, thou hast lost thy roll."

Says Whittier, "She was frequently at our home, and at one time had an idea of becoming a member of the Society of Friends ; but an unlucky outburst of rage, resulting in a blow at a Friends house in Amesbury, did not encourage us to seek her membership. She was naturally religious, and I have no doubt tried hard to overcome her naturally passionate disposition."

The following extracts of letters received by Mrs. Enoch Foot, of Rocks Village will illustrate the above, and her mental ability as well :

NEWBURYPORT, November 13, 1815.

DEAR FRIEND : My last visit was peculiarly pleasant, and I shall not soon forget it. In the journey of life, how necessary to our comfort and enjoyment are mutual acts of friendship, to ameliorate the cares and sorrows, to soften the trials of this mutable life. And if the Great Governor of all systems makes any of his creatures instruments of good to us, how grateful should we be for his indulgent and provident care. I have continual calls for thank-offering, to be laid on

his holy altar, for mercies and favors, yet, alas! I am almost as insensible as marble, and cold as a Lapland winter. I mourn over my ungrateful heart, and reproach it as desperately wicked. How prone is the human heart to revolt from God, and deny him that homage so justly his due. We ought to long and pray for that glorious era, when his name shall be adored from the rising of the sun to the west; when the kingdom and dominion under the whole heaven shall be devoted to his beloved Son, of whose reign there shall be no end.

For this I hope thou art making daily supplication. The saints of the Most High should cry unto him day and night, and give him no rest, till he make Jerusalem a praise in the whole earth, until her "light go forth as brightness, and her salvation as a lamp that burneth."

Farewell, my dear friend. Remember at the throne of Divine Grace, the unworthy

H. LIVERMORE.

Under date of May 25, 1817, she writes to the same friend thus :

My health is not good, and I've made up my mind to reside in the country this summer, if I do not succeed in obtaining a school. I should be pleased to reside in thy family for about four months if thou couldst consent to it. I wish to live retired, to have a chamber by myself, and am willing to conform to anything reasonable. Being habitually of a slender habit, I wish to board with people who are tender and merciful to the sick and afflicted. And viewing

my soul as precious and immortal, I desire to live where the fear of the Lord is, and prayer is wont to be made.

Am sensible that trials await me everywhere, while sojourning in this vale of tears, and therefore do not expect happiness without alloy, till my spirit is at rest in Jesus' bosom, beyond the skies.

Would like to make some return to my friends for favors, and hope Providence will sometime grant the wish. My parents are generous, but it is my duty to be prudent. Farewell. Remember me in your prayers. H. L.

From a series of Miss Livermore's letters in book form, published in 1824, entitled "Scriptural Evidences in Favor of Female Testimony," we beg leave to insert the following, showing also somewhat of her poetical gift :

Since I came to New Hampshire, on a visit to the place where I followed the example of my blessed Lord in water baptism, I have felt a solemn impression concerning the subject of Female Public Improvement in Gospel Testimony, so generally considered ludicrous and contemptible; and by a majority of the professed advocates for Christianity, denounced against as unscriptural, of course anti-Christian; utterly improper, and absolutely degrading to the cause of Zion. I love pure gospel liberty. Lord Jesus, ever preserve me from abusing it, or using it for a cloak of maliciousness.

Direct my heart, my eye, my pen,
While I thy sacred page may scan,
To prove my theme by thee approved,
That females, by thy spirit moved,
May preach the Name by Mary loved,
Jesus, the humble sinner's Friend.

In letter six, presenting Esther as a subject to prove her theme, she says :

I have always when reading the Book of Esther, fancied I could discern amid the obscurity which is around the path of Mordecai, a truly magnanimous character. To me, the name conveys also the situation of his mind, Mordecai (bitterness).

Near the royal gate, my fancy views reclining,
This "woe-begone" exile from his native country,
Mingling his sighs with the mournful gales of evening.
Weeping for Zion.

See the "big tear-drop," while his soul remembers
Jerusalem, his native, desolated country,
And recollects the night, when the fierce Assyrian army
Laid low its glory.

Listen to the voice, while strains of bitter anguish
Flow from a soul allied to deepest sorrow.
No return to Salem, can I ever look for,
"Land of my fathers."

Yet, to my faithful and lacerated bosom,
Thou art still dear, and often memory dwells on
Thy once dazzling glories, exceeding other lands, by
Gift of Jehovah.

From a letter to her father, dated Philadelphia, January 24, 1826, we learn how abundant were her Christian labors, of which she writes thus :

Three weeks ago I was in Vermont. I came down by the banks of Connecticut River, into Massachusetts; then into my favorite state, Connecticut, from thence to New York. In that city I was noticed, as far as I was known. The British Consul and President of the United States Bank invited me to their houses. I preached in three Methodist chapels, three private houses, and one Academy.

August 24, came to Philadelphia, staid one night, and went to Germantown, and labored in the gospel five weeks. Preached to multitudes. In all my visits never have I given and received greater satisfaction. I came to Philadelphia about five weeks ago. My labors here are arduous, for one so feeble, but "hitherto the Lord has helped me." Have preached among Presbeterians, Episcopal, Methodists and Dunkers, also at the Magdalen House, Widows' Asylum and the Prison. At the last place I was attended by a number of gentlemen, but not a single female. What would have been your feelings had you seen your poor wanderer, passing through the iron doors, hearing the keys turn upon her, walking through the damp Prison yard to the gloomy recess

for the prisoners to meet in to hear the gospel; standing before five hundred miserable devotees to vice, offering them salvation in the name of Jesus? After meeting, a very respectful thank-offering saluted my ear from the poor convicts, with the request that I would come again.

Next Sabbath, if "the Lord will," I intend to address the female prisoners. It is good for me to visit such places. I hear a voice saying, "Who maketh thee to differ?" and "What hast thou that thou didst not receive?" Since I have preached in Philadelphia, I find myself pressed by two extremes, viz: "popular applause" and censure. "Some say one thing, and some another." I am reported one day as "crazy," another, as "love-sick," and "banished by you." Another, I am an "angel dropped from the skies;" but I try to be patient, and would say to my Lord and Master:

"Lest I should once disgrace thy cause,
Make me, O Lord, to grow
Deaf both to censure and applause,
And dead to all below."

Of all the reports raised by envy and malice, none afflict me, but the detestable lie, "that my father has exiled me." Yet even this I must bear. I will endeavor to watch, that I may not disgrace the *Livermore*, and above all, the *Christian* name.

But I must close. Farewell, my dear parents. May your hearts be devoted to the Saviour, and your souls rest in his love. From your affectionate daughter,

H. LIVERMORE.

As early as 1824, we think, Miss Livermore spoke publicly in the old brown school-house at East Haverhill, Newton, N. H., and the surrounding towns. "Pilgrim Stranger" informs us, "In 1825, at the age of thirty-seven years, she undertook and forever abandoned teaching, to enter upon her life-work as an Evangelist, assuming the name of "The Pilgrim Stranger." Previous to this time she had addressed assemblies of fifteen hundred souls."

"Miss Livermore was a firm Adventist. In 1847 she writes, 'My hope that I shall re-visit Mt. Zion and on that sacred ground yield up the ghost is firm.' Sixteen years of her life were spent in different countries, having crossed the Atlantic ten times during her five voyages, in four of which it is certain she visited Jerusalem."

"In May, 1832, she undertook a pilgrimage to the 'Far West,' being absent a year. Several months were spent among the Indians at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Her journey amounted to six thousand miles, much of it through a vast wilderness. She wished to be of service to the poor Indians, as she felt that they belonged to Joseph's house and would yet be restored to Palestine ; but

being opposed by the Commissioners on Indian Affairs, could not spend her life with them as she intended." Soon after her return she set her face toward Jerusalem.

Her travels as an evangelist were by stage, private conveyance, and sometimes on foot. "Twice, for want of money," she writes, "I walked until my feet were festered, and my whole frame entirely exhausted."

Three valuable silver spoons bearing her own mother's initials, (M. H.,) were of much service to her by pawning them to some trusty person in need, but unfortunately were stolen from her.

Says a Portsmouth journal in noticing her death : "About forty years ago Miss Livermore became a public teacher." Speaking first in school-houses, afterward in churches, and frequently in what is known as the Loft on Mechanic Street, Portsmouth. A gentleman who was in Philadelphia in 1838 informs us that he heard her give a very interesting address to a large company of respectful sailors, upon one of the wharves of that city.

Miss Livermore was also quite noted as an author. She published in all nearly a score of books, most-

ly religious. Among the variety were volumes of sermons and hymns which were at one time much used among the Dunkers. Her religious novel entitled, a "Wreath from Jessamine Lawn," the plot of which is laid in England, is very fascinating and skilfully written, and many of her poems show marked excellence.

The sale of the above aided her a good deal in expenses of travel, etc. Part of them were published by Mrs. Lydia R. Bailey, the woman printer of Philadelphia. Pleasing and graceful as a speaker, she attracted large numbers to listen, as it was a novelty to hear a female speak in those days. Says Gov. George N. Briggs in Rev. Mr. Livermore's Memoir, "She is the sweetest singer I ever heard and can be heard distinctly by a thousand persons," which must have added much to the interest of her meetings.

Whittier tells us, "She was also quite earnest and eloquent, and spent some time among the Dunkers of Pennsylvania, and was regarded by them as a gifted Christian minister." Here as elsewhere Miss Livermore's labors were much blessed. Her first sermon in Philadelphia was delivered in a Dunkers'

church, and we are informed by Col. T. E. Major, Hon. B. F. Butler's private secretary, "that it was the means of his mother's conversion, and that a very intimate friendship existed between them through life." Miss Sarah Righter afterward married Rev. Thomas Major, and for forty years she preached the Gospel with much success until her death in 1884, which was much lamented.

The heart of the "Pilgrim Stranger," as Harriet styled herself, must have been greatly cheered by the above instance of success in her labors, all of which we trust will not go unrewarded by the Great Master, however much chaff may have been mingled with the wheat, when

The heavenly reapers shall descend
And Heaven cry harvest home.

She loved the Holy Land and wished to die there, but in this she was disappointed, though her weary feet had so often pressed its sacred soil. Says a Philadelphia paper at the time of her decease in alluding to her voyages to Jerusalem: "The first was taken secretly; but finally her friends heard of her in Europe, Asia and Africa.

“Since then what old cathedral town,
Has missed the pilgrim’s staff and gown;
What convent door has held its lock
Against the challenge of her knock?”

At one time, we find her in Egypt, giving our late Consul, Mr. Thayer, a world of trouble from her peculiar notions. At another, we see her amid the gray olive slopes of Jerusalem, demanding, not begging, money for the Great King. And once, when an American fresh from home, during the late rebellion, offered her a handful of greenbacks, she threw them away with disdain, saying, ‘The Great King will only have gold.’ At another, she climbed the sides of Mt. Libanus and visited Lady Stanhope, daughter of Lord Chatham, that eccentric niece of the ‘younger Pitt,’ who married a sheik of the mountains, and thus had a fine opportunity of securing the choicest steeds of the Orient. Going to the stable one day, Lady Hester pointed out to Harriet Livermore two very fine horses with peculiar marks, but differing in color. ‘That *one*,’ said Lady Hester, ‘the Great King when he comes will ride, and the *other* I will ride in company with Him.’ Thereupon Miss Livermore gave a most

emphatic 'no !' declaring with fore-knowledge and *a plomb*, that the Great King will ride this horse, and it is I, as his bride, who will ride upon the other, at his second coming.' It is said she carried her point with Lady Hester, overpowering her with her fluency and assertion."

No wonder Whittier speaks of her as

"Startling from her desert throne
The crazy Queen of Lebanon,
With claims fantastic as her own."

It was probably while wandering "through Smyrna's plague hushed thoroughfares," that a Turk offered her his arm as escort, when with a Greek-like hatred she scornfully refused, saying, "Christians have no dealings with the Turks," and this antagonism seems still destined to exist. As early as 1838, when 50 years of age, the author of *Snow Bound* says, "Miss Livermore staid at my boarding place in Philadelphia for several days, and I assisted her in getting an audience for a lecture on her foreign travels, which gave her about \$150." She may have begun to lecture earlier, but this was probably after her first voyage. It was doubtless

about this time that, lecturing in New Bedford, an instance of her unreasonable disposition manifested itself, much to the annoyance of the lady who was conveying her by carriage to fulfill a lecture appointment a few miles distant. As Miss Livermore was encumbered with several parcels, she insisted that her companion should relieve her of a bandbox containing her Quaker cap; but as they were about to cross a bridge, with a high wind blowing, and the horse somewhat restive, she kindly refused, when lo! the bandbox took to itself wings, now sailing high in air, then changing its course, lowered into the stream and sailed away "like a thing of life," despite its valuable contents.

This proved too much for poor human nature to bear calmly, and as usual its owner gave way to her wrathful feelings. The destination being reached, by some effort on the part of friends, another cap was substituted, and the lecture went on in spite of the missing one.

On Miss Livermore's return, in 1862, from her last voyage to Jerusalem, she was for several years supported by her relatives and friends, to whom she became so troublesome that she found herself home-

less. From Mr. Livermore's narrative we learn that "November 13, 1867, she was admitted as an inmate of Blockley Almshouse, West Philadelphia," where she died in five months, March 30, 1868. Had she lived fifteen days longer, she would have attained the age of eighty-one years. She was placed there by her nephew, son of Mr. Thomas Haven, of Philadelphia, who married a sister of Harriet. "This brother-in-law was appointed by her brother Samuel's will to hold her property in trust, from which she was to receive yearly an annuity of \$250, but he lost it by unfortunate investments," which was a constant source of grief to Miss Livermore until her death in a paupers' home.

Her kind friend, Mrs. Margaret F. Worrell, caused her body to be brought to her own home in Germantown, Pennsylvania, for burial, where a circle of friends who had known her in better days gathered to drop a tear of affection over the unfortunate but useful disciple. Her remains were taken to Mrs. Worrell's lot in the cemetery of the Dunkers in the rear of Main Street, and carefully buried, and soon after Mrs. Worrell was laid beside her, where together they sleep till the resurrection morn.

Says her niece, Miss Fannie A. Haven, of Philadelphia, to whom we are indebted for several items, "I was at my aunt's funeral. She looked very handsome and life-like in her coffin, and the small, 'tapering hand' to which Snow Bound refers, so marble-like and beautiful, as if chiselled by a master hand. No headstone marks her grave."

While we cannot help regretting the fact, especially as it would be more easily found, Mr. Livermore tells us "that at the age of thirty-seven, in the year 1826, Miss Livermore wrote thus : 'There is a sound I could desire might perfume the air around my grave, and a balm I hope will flourish there. I mean the widow and orphan confessing me their friend in life—this would be fame sufficient.' " Judging from the above extract, her lone grave remains as she desired ; but as the locality becomes more widely known, stranger and friend will be found wending their way to the spot, beneath which the weary "Pilgrim Stranger" rests, to drop perchance a tear of gratitude and love upon its flowery turf.

We have in our possession a cluster of pressed leaves, gathered there by an intimate friend of Har-

riet, residing in Pennsylvania, which he kindly sent us after perusing our simple Gleanings containing her sketch. His letter says, "I have just visited Harriet's grave in Germantown. I know she was not an angel, but her many virtues far exceeded her faults, and in spite of her eccentricities she accomplished much good in the Master's service. I used to hear her preach occasionally in my early years."

Germantown, Pennsylvania, is a pretty, old-fashioned place and contains a church of the Dunkers, and as the cemetery in which Miss Livermore sleeps is called the "Dunkers' Cemetery," it is doubtless situated near it.

Says a Philadelphia paper alluding to Miss Livermore's decease, "Her last days were characterized by the same traits of character, but she had grown more impatient with age ;" and we are led to infer that she died from the weight of years rather than the direct result of any particular disease.

In reviewing the history of this singular but remarkable woman, let us rather pity than censure ; not knowing how far her peculiar disposition was inherited, or her many fierce and unsuccessful struggles to overcome its violence, suffering as she

did through life from an exceedingly sensitive and nervous temperament, which caused her much mental and physical suffering, and doubtless added to her eccentricities. Let us hope her restless feet have at last entered the Holy Land, and cast over her frailties the mantle of Charity, as in the closing lines of Whittier's very interesting sketch in the inimitable and beautiful *Snow Bound* :

"It is not ours to separate
The tangled skein of will and fate,
To show what metes and bounds should stand
Upon the soul's debatable land,
And between choice and providence
Divide the circle of events;

But he who knows our frame is just,
Merciful and compassionate,
And hope for all the language is,
That He remembereth we are dust!"

WHITTIER'S COUNTESS.

Born Jan. 5, 1786. Died Jan. 5, 1807.

THE scenes of Whittier's beautiful poem entitled "The Countess," page 334, Diamond Edition, commencing with

"Over the wooded northern ridge,"

were laid in Rock's Village, East Haverhill, on the banks of the beautiful Merrimac, where he sings in alluding to it

"The river's steel-blue crescent curves
To meet in ebb and flow,
The single broken wharf which serves
For sloop and gundalow."

Here, nestled between the hills, in a house known

as the residence of the late Timothy Kennison, M. D., dwelt the lovely maiden of whom he speaks in verse sixteenth, as

—“Of all the village band
Its fairest and its best.”

Miss Mary Ingalls, thus described, is still remembered by several “white haired villagers” of four-score years, as a damsel of uncommon personal and mental attractions. She was of medium height, had long golden curls, violet eyes, fair complexion, rosy cheeks, and so modest and amiable that others beside him who afterward became her liege lord, looked upon her with interest and admiration. Indeed, “none knew her but to love her.” She was the daughter of Henry and Abigail Ingalls, and was born in January 1786. Her maternal grandfather, Rev. Payne Wingate, was settled over the Congregational Church in Merrimac, Mass., for sixty years where, by the side of his wife, he quietly reposes in the village cemetery. The late centenarian Wingate, father of Rev. Charles Wingate of our city, was also a connection.

Mr. and Mrs. Ingalls had three children, two

older than Mary. Her brother died at sea, and her sister is still kindly remembered by several pupils who attended a school which she taught in her father's house.

Count Frances de Vipart, who married Mary, came to Rocks Village a short time previous. He fled with a company of exiles from Guadaloupe in the time of a French rebellion, "when the blood thirsty mob poured out upon the noble families of that island the more than brutal passions of the wild beasts. Count Frances de Vipart, grandson of Marquis de Vipart, and Joseph Rochement de Poyen, with fifteen others, succeeded in getting on board a brig bound for Newburyport, and landed there in March, 1792. After the colony had become quieted, some returned to Guadaloupe. Nine, however, remained, and you will find the graves of these noble exiles in an ancient burying ground at Newburyport." A piece written with reference to these graves may be found in the prose writings of Miss Hannah F. Gould, entitled "The Grave under the Thorn Tree."

Joseph Rochemont de Poyen settled also at Rocks Village with his cousin Count Frances de

Vipart. The former married Miss Sally Elliott, both of whom have passed away, but three of their children survive at Merrimac, Mass.

It seems almost a marvel that these two young exiles should find their way to our quiet village as a resting place, leaving the beautiful "Eden City," as it is called, where they landed, and passing by pleasant villages between. But wandering up the banks of our charming river for recreation, or perchance upon some "moonlit sail," of which the Count was very fond, cheered on by the sweet strains of his favorite violin, perhaps they caught sight of this picturesque little village nestled among the hills. The "Old Bridge," soon after borne upon its ocean trip by force of angry waters, "The tavern with its swinging sign," and the beautiful scenery on every side, all conduced to form an attraction too strong to be resisted, and they said "Here let us tarry for awhile."

How little thought these two lone exiles that here they should woo and win two of the fairest village maids, finding in them "objects of regard, and truthful love."

The advent of the Count, and his marriage to

the simple maiden of lowly life, her father being a laboring man, together with the circumstances of his being of foreign birth, created no little sensation in our quiet village, but we do not learn of any opposition on the part of her friends. The Count is described as a very pleasant man, fine looking and stately, referred to as follows in verse twentieth :

“Yet still in gay and careless ease,
To harvest, field, or dance,
He brought the gentle courtesies.
The nameless grace of France.”

Of their devotion to each other the poet speaks :

“Each grew to each in sweet accord,
Nor knew the gazing town;
If she looked upward to her lord,
Or he to her looked down.”

Their walks upon “pleasant Newbury shore,” and his sweet rendition upon the violin during their moonlight sails, are pleasantly remembered by those who listened to its sweet strains echoing along the shore on those summer eves to which the poem refers. Of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Vipart

which an old record tells us "occurred March 21, 1805," we have no particulars, excepting a description of the bridal dress as given by Mrs. R. P., a lady of eighty-five, to whom we are much indebted, having for a short time the care of her in her last sickness. "The dress was of pink satin, with an overdress of white lace, and slippers of white satin," all of which must have been quite becoming. Though it was the delight of the Count to lavish upon his fair bride rich and costly apparel, yet she was the same unpretending and modest person,—a spirit not always exhibited when suddenly raised to wealth or position.

Their marriage life is remembered as exceedingly pleasant and happy, though brief.

"The burial hymn and bridal song,
Were both in one short year."

Mrs. Vipart being naturally delicate, continuous care and attention to a sick mother had conduced to bring on consumption, which caused her death. Percival in describing this insidious disease, says :

"Oh ! there is sweetness in a woman's decay,
When the light of beauty is fading away ;

For a nameless charm around her plays,
And her eyes are kindled with hallowed rays,
And a veil of spotless purity
Has mantled her cheek with its heavenly dye,
And there are tones which sweetly speak,
Of a spirit who longs for a purer day,
And is ready to wing her flight away."

And those who saw the Countess in her sickness attest to the truth of the above. As she sat in her sick chair, draped in white muslin, with lustrous eye and hectic flush, she seemed to them more like a being of another sphere than earth.

Peacefully and happily she passed "out of the shadow with the sun," and upon the border of the beautiful Merrimac, about a mile from the village, she sleeps, yes, sweetly sleeps.

"Her rest is quiet on the hill,
Beneath the locusts bloom.
Far off her lover sleeps as still
Within his scutcheoned tomb.

The Gascon lord the village maid
In death still clasp their hands.
The love that levels rank and grade
Unite their severed lands."

The loss of the Countess was deeply mourned by all who knew her, but to the devoted husband it was a bitter, bitter grief, and soon after he returned to his native Island. Years passed before his sorrow for the sweet Bride of the Merrimac was so far subdued as to woo and wed another, where, living until several years since, he passed away, and was interred in the family burial place of the de Viparts at Bordeaux, who still rank high among the nobility. Several children survive him there.

Whether the sweet poem of "The Countess" has ever fallen under their eye we do not know, but we doubt not that often in his Island home, the memory of the Count reverted to the sweet "Bride of the Merrimac," whose "bridal song and burial hymn" followed in such quick succession.

To any who may wish to visit her grave, we add, as you pass up from Rocks Village and enter Greenwood Cemetery, the eighth headstone upon the left in the row which fronts the street, is that of the Countess. It is a low, gray stone, considerably covered with moss, bearing the following inscription :

MARY,
WIFE OF
FRANCIS VIPART
OF GUADALOUPE,
DIED
JAN. 5, 1807,
ÆT. 21.

The grave of her mother may be seen next upon the right, for whom in earnest devotion through long years of suffering, her own life was cheerfully given, as it were, in sacrifice. Little thought the lovely and modest young Countess, as she looked forward in sickness to this pleasant resting place upon "the hill," by the side of her sainted mother, that the sweet, sad story of her life would, in coming years, be caught up by the poet in song, the sweet strains of which would be borne to every clime, and her grave visited with increased interest as generations passed away. Verily ! "truth is often stranger than fiction."

A beautiful sketch of the grave in water colors was taken by G. M. White, an artist of the Merrimac, and presented to Whittier by the ladies of

Amesbury on his seventieth birthday, which afforded him peculiar pleasure, as it had never before been sketched by pen or pencil.

The lovely Greenwood in which the Countess sleeps has lately been enlarged and fitted up, rendering it a more attractive place to visitors, and a lovely resting place for those who sleep with her within its precincts,

"Beneath
The locust's flowery plume,
The birch's pale green scarf."

It might be well to state here that wealthy citizens in Gaudaloupe often own residences in France, and *vice versa*, hence the reason for Whittier's styling the Count the "Gascon lord," near the close of the poem.

But I fancy you will ask what became of the grief-stricken parents of Mrs. Vipart? Not long did the invalid mother survive. She died August 29 of the same year, her death hastened, no doubt, by the loss of her devoted child. Her father removed to Ayers Village, Haverhill, Mass., and was again married, there spending in peace and quiet-

ness the remainder of his days. We have been told that some of her sister Davidson's descendants are still living, but have failed to obtain their locality or that of a single relative, which has much increased the task of obtaining materials for our narrative. Gladly would we have embellished it with the Countess' picture could one have been found, but probably none are in existence.

For the benefit of curiosity seekers, we would say, the birthplace of the Countess is still in possession of a son of the former owner, who purchased it of the "village doctor," Elias Weld, to whom Whittier dedicated the poem and refers thus :

"Whose ancient sulkey down the village lanes
Dragged like a war-car captive ills and pains."

Reference is also made to Rev. Isaac Tompkins, pastor of the Congregational Church, East Haverhill, under whose ministry the Ingalls family sat, thus :

"The parson ambling on his wall-eyed roan,
Grave and erect, with white hair backward blown."

The chamber which the Countess occupied is

shown in the original L-part of the house, the east window facing the Merrimac River. It is a good sized square room, with two "many paned" windows, and only six feet and one inch in height. As the Count is said to have been quite tall and stately, it was well, perhaps, that he brought with him "the nameless grace of France," and was not unused to the graceful bow, to which we think he must have been subjected on entering the door, at least. Among the keepsakes distributed by the Count to his friends before leaving, was a pretty morocco pocket book of curious design, given to the mother of Mrs. Warren Ordway of Bradford, Mass., an intimate friend of the Countess. It was a gift from the Count to his wife, and is still carefully preserved by Mrs. Ordway.

A handsome set of imported dining knives and forks are in possession of Mrs. Ann I. Chase of West Newbury, Mass., measuring twelve inches in length and an inch in width at the point of the blade, with handsome ivory handles; and a pretty satin damask table cloth is owned by her niece, Mrs. Eben Fullonton* of Merrimacport. The articles were bought at the Count's auction, are highly

*Deceased, 1887.

prized, and readily shown to any person interested in old relics.

In closing our simple sketch, we would say that, having listened from childhood to the touching story, we have felt strongly desirous of learning all that we could in the history of our honored village maid, especially as so many inquiries have been made concerning who she was, where she dwelt, etc., since Whittier has so sweetly immortalized the story of her life in verse, but we will not weary our readers with any further particulars of this little romance, increasing in interest as the years go by.

THE OLD GARRISON HOUSE.

AS reference has been made to this old "Ancestral Home" at East Haverhill, as being the birthplace of Moses H. Elliott, whose destiny was so closely interwoven with that of the subject of our opening sketch, we will give a brief history of it, since such antiquities are gradually disappearing, rendering them, therefore, objects of greater interest.

The original part, of which not all remains, was built in colonial days, by two Peaslee brothers from England, whose names were Joseph and Nathaniel. The date of building we do not certainly know, but Joseph Peaslee was a resident of Haverhill as early as 1645, and of Salisbury in 1638. They also built the garrison house owned by Nathan Sawyer (torn

down several months ago). It stood about two miles from Haverhill Bridge. The bricks of the East Haverhill garrison house were brought from their native land.

As the lower story of the Garrison House, East Haverhill, embraced but one apartment, the large quarterly meetings of Friends in those days "were amply convened within its walls."

Whittier tells us that one of his ancestors, Joseph Whittier, son of Thomas, was married May 24, 1694, to Mary, daughter of Joseph Peaslee, who lived in the Old Garrison House near Rocks Bridge.

"In this alliance with a well known Quaker, we recognize one of the influences which led the Whittiers to the new communion." In Chase's History of Haverhill is recorded that, "in 1689 Joseph Peaslee moved in town meeting that himself and others might be allowed to meet at the new meeting house for their way of worship. It was read, and refused to be voted upon."

More than a century and a half have passed since the Old Garrison House was purchased of the Peaslee brothers by Ephriam Elliott, senior, but with the decease of a grandson a few years since,

terminated the third and last ownership in succession, and it is now in possession of a gentleman bearing no relationship to the former occupants.

It is well adapted to the use for which it was built, with its small port holes, dark cellar with various narrow windings to little rooms, supposed to be places of concealment from the Red Man, its old "oaken door," durability and strength of material, and is likely to remain for many years to come.

How full of historic interest is this venerable "old mansion !" Could its walls speak, they would tell of scenes that "tried men's souls," of happy family festivities, of "burial hymn and bridal song," to which it has so often given place.

A volume would hardly contain the many and varied incidents of success and defeat in the lives of those who have dwelt within its walls, but wearied with the "march of life," have laid them down to rest.

Here, beneath its moss-grown roof, in the year 1789, Florida's lone exile, Moses H. Elliott, first saw the light, being gladly welcomed by fond parents as the eldest born. Amiable and gentle in disposition, he developed into the studious, thought-

ful boy, thirsting deeply for knowledge, so that every effort was made by the parents that a liberal education should be given him. He was a classmate of Drs. Longley and Kittredge of this city, and Robinson of West Newbury. Fond hopes centered in him, especially as he came to manhood, the parents looking forward, no doubt, to the years when they should lean upon his stronger arm for solace. But a singular train of events led him far from home and kindred, never to look upon the dear face again—a stroke to these aged parents especially, which proved well-nigh unbearable.

Who may tell in that far-off home how often his thoughts came back to the “old homestead,” and scenes of other days, when playing with his brothers and sisters, or perchance in later years when stirred in spirit by “Love’s young dream,” he wandered abroad with the queenly and fascinating Harriet Livermore over the hills, or in the ample fields surrounding the “Old Mansion,” or sat in front beneath the shade of those giant elms, one of which is no longer standing, whispering in her ear, it may be, the tale

“That is told by moonlight alone.”

How little thought those fond lovers that their life paths would thus diverge, causing one, and who knows but both, to sigh at no distant day, like Whittier's Maud Muller, and say,

"It might have been."

Well is it that "Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate."

Many are the objects of interest clustering in and around this picturesque old dwelling, and the number of visitors increase yearly. Already has it been sketched by popular artists, that it may be thus represented when age and decay have done their work, and over its scattered ruins

Ivies creep and mosses cling.

VISIT TO WHITTIER'S BIRTHPLACE.

'TWAS in the flowery month of June, 1881, in company with an old schoolmate of the poet and several other friends, we visited, by permission of the kind hostess, the "old homestead," East Haverhill, for the purpose of rambling over its grounds and seeing somewhat of the interior of the house, especially the "old kitchen," so noted in *Snow Bound*.

Coming down the street which leads into the main road, we saw upon the left the walnut trees supposed to be referred to in "*My Playmate*," from which into

"her homespun lap,
I shook the walnuts down."

Entering a field at the right, we came to a fine grassy knoll, with two trees at its entrance, enclosed on three sides by a stone wall, which was formerly the old family burying-ground, and were shown the spot where once rested the poet's grandparents, his father, aunt Polly and uncle Moses, all of whom were re-interred a few years since in the Friends' Cemetery at Amesbury, and now sleep side by side with his sainted mother and sister Elizabeth, who have since passed "over the river." There came a sacredness to the place as we thought of the different occasions when two by two the mourning group followed slowly up the hill the dear lifeless form which was borne by loving neighbors upon the mournful bier, and as often returned in sadness to their home.

Often had it been visited by loving ones to shed fresh tears, and sprinkle upon each grave spring's earliest flowers as love's tribute. Carefully has the little enclosure been guarded, it being the poet's wish that it should remain unchanged.

On approaching the gate, we saw upon the left four maple trees, set there some eighteen years since in place of the ancient sycamores, which bid

fair to become very stately. On the left of the gate is a large block of stone some three feet high, with two lesser ones at the base in the form of steps to mount it, being used in the days of pillions to mount a saddled horse. It is indeed an interesting old relic, especially as connected with the "bridle-post" of Snow Bound, described thus :

"The bridle-post an old man sat,
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat."

As we passed into the house at the front door, we noticed its ancient and well-worn stone ; and entering the room at the right, were told it was formerly the poet's study, where doubtless originated many of his earlier productions. We next visited the front room upon the left, where the poet was born, and in which our friend informed us he saw his father and uncle Moses die. The death of the latter resulted from the falling of a tree which he was cutting down. Reference to this uncle is made in Snow Bound. Little thought the fond parents as they heard the poet's infant cry that his songs would yet be welcomed to every clime, stirring at

times the heart of the nation in the cause of right and truth.

Entering the "old kitchen" back of these rooms, we saw the "old fire-place" with its "hanging crane," and the mantel-piece which is ten feet long. The fire place has been somewhat lessened in width, and the "old oven" is supported by brick work, instead of its former "wooden leg," to which Whittier refers in his recent description.

Above the mantel is seen the large durable nail, (supposed to be the work of some of Whittier's ancestors,) where hung the "old bull's eye" spoken of in *Snow Bound* as

"Pointing with its warning sign,
Its black hand to the hour of nine."

A small cupboard seen above the mantel is said to be the place where uncle Moses referred to, "laid his pipe tenderly away," after having "ceased to smoke." Nearly opposite the fire-place is the old cupboard, where were ranged its pewter plates and platters, and upon the right a circle worn by the "old brass warming-pan, which formerly shone like a setting moon against the wall of the kitchen."

In one corner we saw the spot where the writing desk used to stand, and hard by from the window, the site of the "bare boughed lilac tree," no longer standing. Opposite the fire-place is seen where

"Through the glass, the clothes line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts."

Vestiges of the old gable roof still remain at the back part of the kitchen, where it united with the second story, built when the poet's father brought home his Quaker bride. The house was built in 1716,* and with this exception has undergone but very little change, save a temporary partition which divides the old kitchen into two rooms.

As we looked about the "old kitchen," we could almost see the scenes of *Snow Bound* again re-enacted,

"Hear the sharp crackle, catch the gleam"

from the fire on the old clean-winged hearth. We saw in fancy the interesting household. The father,

"Who sat down again to moose and samp,"

the now sainted mother, the "uncle innocent of

*Whittier thinks it was built in 1688.

books," next the dear maiden aunt, then the elder sister, and the

"Youngest and dearest who sat
Upon the motley braided mat."

Next we see the "brisk wielder of the birch and rule," and lastly "Miss Harriet Livermore with her flashing eyes." But we must not omit John and Mathew, dressed in Friend's garb with the rest (excepting the "guest and schoolmaster"), eager listeners we may well imagine. Referring to that eve the poet says,

"Ah! brother—only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now."

We next visited the little chamber which the poet occupied in his youth. The room has two small, many paned windows, and the time-stained rafters are plainly seen. It is situated over the west room, or parlor, where the poet says, on stormy nights,

"We heard the loosened clapboards tost
The board-nails snapping in the frost;
And on us, through the unplastered wall
Felt the light sifted snowflakes fall."

Descending again to the kitchen, we take leave of the courteous inmates, and going to the barn, we can seem to see the "prisoned brutes within," as on the morning when the father said

"Boys, a path!"

where

"The old horse thrust his long head out,
The cock his lusty greeting said,"

and

"The oxen lashed their tails and hooked,"

while

"The horned patriarch of the sheep,
Shook his wise head with gesture mute,"

and seeing where each were kept, could better understand the fine allusion to them in the poem. The old barn was raised and lengthened somewhat several years since. Much care is taken by the present owner, Mr. George Elliott of Haverhill, Mass., that the homestead and surroundings be neatly and carefully kept.

Going down to the brook where the "bare-foot boy" wandered in childhood, we enjoyed for awhile its cool retreat, and crossed the large "stepping stones" to the other side, listening to its soft ripple as it flowed over the moss grown stones, to which the poet thus refers :

"Laughed the brook for my delight,
Through the day and through the night."

Tracing it up some distance, we were told that long years ago a saw and grist mill was built over the stream, of which no vestige remains. It is a charming spot, overhung by branches of lovely trees, forming a most delightful shade, while ferns, mosses, and wild flowers grow upon its banks. A place in which methinks the Muses would love to linger and inspire to lofty measures, and we did not so much wonder the "Barefoot Boy" became a poet, singing so sweetly of brook, lake and river, or loved the "Valley Song."

Gathering some mosses from the old "stepping stones" and ferns from the brook, we returned by the Whittier Elm (as it is placarded), the tree to

which he refers in writing in an album of his old schoolmate's daughter, commencing thus :

“Thou dweller in the ample shade,
Of the old elm tree where I played.”

The schoolmate's house stands directly opposite the elm.

This is a fine old tree, spared by a former owner for several years by the payment of a certain sum yearly by the schoolmate who accompanied us, as he could not bear to see this beautiful tree upon his old friend's homestead fall beneath the “woodman's axe.” Thus ended our very pleasant visit to this noted birthplace, giving to “Snowbound” a new interest, if possible, and a greater reverence for our townsman poet, and the beautiful songs he has sung along the valley of the Merrimac.

WHITTIER.

Lines read at a Whittier Entertainment in East Haverhill,
November 10, 1880, and published by request.

Sweet bard of Pentucket !*

Thy praises we sing ;
To thy many bright laurels
One flower we'd bring,

To crown thee and bless thee
For thy sweet breathing strains
Floating eastward and westward,
O'er earth's wide domains.

In homes of the lowly,
How sweetly they fall ;
For bridal and burial ;
How welcome for all.

*Indian name of Haverhill.

For thy brother enthralled,
Thy prayer has been heard,
And thy loud cries for freedom
A nation has stirred.

Oh, how doth thy pages
Of "Snow Bound" allure,
When the cold storms of winter
Beat hard 'gainst our door !

And all of thy poems,
So noble and sweet,
Without them our libraries
Would not seem complete.

Thrice-honored Pentucket !
Which gave to thee birth,
And reared such a poet
Of genius and worth.

May thy life be prolonged
To sing on and bless,
Till from toiling comes harvest,—
Then sing 'mong the blest.

Part Two.

TO PUPILS OF OTHER DAYS
THESE
SIMPLE POEMS
ARE VERY GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED.

Loved pupils of the "olden days"—
How gladly would I greet you all
With the warm clasp, sit by your side,
And scenes of school-day life recall.

It cannot be ;—so let me greet
You, through these many simple lays,
Be each a link within the chain,
Connecting us with other days.

Perchance their reading may bring back
The memory of your school-day life,—
Of one who hopes to meet you all,
When ends life's toil, and ceased its strife.

EAST HAVERHILL, September, 1881.

POEMS.

I LOVE THE SEA.

I love the sea ! the sounding sea !
What varied songs it sings to me,
As standing on its pebbly shore,
I hear the distant waters roar.

I love the sea ! the sounding sea !
It sings His power and majesty,
Who to those restless waves hath said :
“E'en here shall thy proud waves be stayed.”

It sings of loved ones far away,
Now gliding home o'er silvery spray,
Whose hearts with expectation yearn ;
But some perchance may ne'er return !

Or, if returned, some loved ones here,
They find have flown to happier sphere ;
And ever more those broken ties
Throw back a shadow o'er their lives.

It sings of storms,—it sings of wrecks,—
Its coral beds with dead are flecked.
Genius and talent 'neath thy waves,
Here too have made their lonely graves.

Loud requiems I seem to hear,
In memory of sleepers dear,—
And though so sad, some wish to be
Buried beneath the sounding sea.

What disappointments it hath brought,—
When gold and gems from far were sought,
Jewels befitting princely crown ;
But in a moment all went down.

Where mermaids sing, and sea-flowers grow,
They sparkle on the beds below.
Why not give back, O sounding sea,
The dead and treasures hid in thee ?

Nay ! nay ! thy greedy soul asks more !
I hear it when the wild winds roar,
And stormy waves leap mountain high,—
I feel new wrecks will 'neath them lie.

But not for aye, thy dead shall be
Buried in such obscurity ;
For He who formed the waves hath said,
He'll call the sea to yield its dead.

Roll on, roll on, O sounding sea !
Until complete thy mission be.
And may frail man by thee be taught,
Thus faithfully, to act life's part.

“NOT TO DIE.”

“To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die.”

Say, pilgrim on life's desert waste,
When laid thine earthly armor by,
Wouldst thou not live in loving hearts?
For to live thus “is not to die.”

Though form may change and turn to dust,
And hidden be from mortal ken,
Yet kindly deeds and acts of love
Will be remembered even then.

Speak kindly words to sorrowing hearts,
And seek to dry the mourner's tear ;
Reclaim the wretched and the lost,
And strive to make all happier.

Such deeds will make thee happy here,
And rear more lasting monument
Than "storied urn or deeds of fame,"
When thy short fleeting life is spent.

To have our memories enshrined
In kindly hearts when cold we lie,
For some kind friendly deed performed ;
Ah ! surely this "is not to die."

I LOVE THE WOODS.

I love the woods, when morning dawns,
And drops of dew are on the lawns,
When nestled softly 'mid the trees,
Sweet birds send forth their minstrelsies.

I love the woods at noontide hour,
When drooping seems each bud and flower ;
And e'en the pulse of nature wanes,
For scorching sands are on the plains.

I love the woods, when sunset comes,
And flowers send forth their sweet perfumes,
While floods of light athwart the sky,
Gleam forth, as dies the weary day.

I love the woods, in autumn days,
When every leaf speaks forth decay ;
Lessons of wisdom there we learn,
Whichever way our eyes may turn.

Temples of Nature ! in which we
Alone may worship Deity ;

Communing with our hearts the while
Away from aught that would beguile.

Fit emblems of that temple high,
Built far above the starry sky.
Such grandeur earth hath never seen,
Nor shall we, till we enter in.

AMBITION.

“Let me rest, my brain is weary.”

“Let me rest, my brain is weary !”
Cried the youth with fever wild ;
“Let me rest, O gentle mother,
On thy bosom as a child.”
Fired his soul with high ambition,
He would win himself a name ;
He would scale the heights of Knowledge,
Reach the pinnacle of Fame.

By the dimly lighted taper
Sat he, till the midnight hour,
Drinking in fresh draughts of knowledge,
Ranging fields of "classic lore."
Now, with frame all worn and weary,
He has laid him down to die.
"Let me rest," the prayer's soon answered,
And his spirit mounts the sky.

Passing strange that such bright visions
Should so quickly fade away ;
Ye, who're worshiping Ambition
Heed the lesson taught, we pray.
Bow not at its shrine too fondly,
If Fame's won, 'tis but a breath ;
'Twill not yield thee lasting pleasure,
Neither stay the hand of death.

Come to founts of heavenly knowledge,—
Satisfy your longings there ;
Then in heav'n's broad fields Elysian
Thou the laurel wreath shall wear.
On thy brow it ne'er shall wither,

But in fadeless beauty bloom ;
Draughts of wisdom quaffing ever,
Fields of glory thou shalt roam.

LINES.

Read in Greenwood Cemetery, East Haverhill, Memorial
Day, 1874.

Strew flowers ! bright flowers !
O'er the graves of the dead ;
Twine garlands—fresh garlands—
Where the soldiers are laid.

All sweeter they'll slumber,
Midst beauty and bloom ;
Each flower a vigil,
Keeping watch o'er their tomb.

Then strew ye bright flowers,
This Memorial Day ;
Mingling with them our tears,
Where the heroes do lay.

Yes heroes ! brave heroes !
Fathers, brothers, so dear,
Ye've gained us our freedom,
But ye are not here !

Yes ! freedom from slav'ry,
That deep curse and wrong,
Which is only remembered
In story and song.

The mem'ry of Lincoln,
How it comes back to-day !
God helped him to wipe
This great evil away.

He fought not with saber,
Or with musket, or shell,
But fell in the struggle,
A brave martyr as well !

Oh, peace to his ashes !
Be his name in our lay !
With that brave fallen host
We will sing of to-day.

Let Rome boast her heroes,
And proud Sparta of old ;
But history of braver,
No pages have told,

Than those dear ones sleeping,
Far beneath the green sward,
From Maine to Pacific,
Their bravery we'll land !

We'll tell to our children
The brave deeds they have done,
Of their hardships endured,
The bright laurels they won.

And on historic page,
Clad in brilliant array,
Their memories will live,
When we've all passed away !

Then strew ye bright flowers
On each loved soldier's grave ;
Yes ! plant ye bright laurels,
In their beauty to wave.

All sweeter they'll slumber
In the dark silent tomb ;
Lulled to sleep by soft zephyrs,
Of flowery perfume !

BRIDAL HYMN FOR A PUPIL.

Crown, O crown the bride with flowers,—
Pluck the rose and lily fair ;
Seek ye 'mid the fairest bowers,
Orange blossoms for her hair !

Youth upon her brow is smiling,
And her heart is light and free,
Beating high with expectation,
Of bright days she hopes to see.

Now before the altar kneeling,
Sealed on earth the marriage vow ;
Quickly borne to Heaven's record,
Lo ! the angel writes it now.

May those vows so pure and sacred,
Bind forever heart to heart ;
In such lasting, blest communion,
As stern death alone shall part.

And when earthly scenes have faded,
May they re-unite above,
Where fond ties are never severed,
In that Home of peace and love !

THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

There's a beautiful gate just "over the river,"
Which gleams in the distance with the brightness
of gold ;
And though, since creation, it has swung on its
hinges,
Like the structures of earth, it can never grow old.

At its entrance a Porter stands ready to open,
And welcome each pilgrim, who the river hath
crossed ;

Ah, look ! and behold them—with its fierce waves
contending,—

But never a child in the fierce struggle's lost !

All dripping they come from the dark surging waters,
To exchange their soiled garments for robes of
pure white ;

While crowns far more dazzling than earth's brightest
jewels

Will bedeck their fair brows in the regions of
Light !

Now the Porter doth open and such mazes of glory
As burst on their vision, no mortal hath seen,
While groups of bright spirits, on verdant banks
straying,

Are pond'ring the themes of "redemption," I
ween !

Down Heaven's corridors, sweet music comes float-
ing

Far sweeter than zephyrs, which evening doth
bring,

While the high and the low, earth's pauper—bright
angel—

Unite in ascriptions of praise to the King !

This beautiful gate, let us each strive to enter,
When we, like those pilgrims, death's river shall
cross,
And never forget, that to purchase an entrance,
The blood of our blessed "Redeemer" it cost.

LINES

Written for Temperance Reform Club at Merrimac, July,
1878.

'Twas noonday in the crowded mart,
The sun was shining bright ;
And crowds were hast'ning to and fro,
When lo ! a sick'ning sight.

Enough to make an angel weep,
If such a thing there be,—
To say the least, the question solve,
Of man's depravity !

Within the gutter lying low,
A drunken man was seen,
Whose very looks betokened, that
A nobler man he'd been.

A lovely girl, some six years old,
With curly, golden hair,
Was kneeling by the wretched man,
Now list ! her earnest prayer.

"Come, father, come, let us go home."
He heeded not her cry ;
And striving hard to raise him up,
Her little hands did try.

Wearied, the tears fell down her cheeks,
But still she lingered there,
Hoping her father would awake,
And heed her earnest prayer.

The passers-by looked on amazed,
Such sight they'd seldom seen ;
And in their "heart of hearts" they asked,
They ne'er might see again.

But heeding not her cry, at length,
She started for her home,
Saying, "Mamma, papa's asleep,
I cannot make him come."

The mother brushed away her tears,
And said, "Don't weep, my child ;
Your dear papa will waken soon,"
And then the prattler smiled.

Sweet child ! oh, may'st thou never know
The bitter curse of rum !
But yet may thy dear father prove
A blessing in his home !

Oh, sweet child-faith ! in mercy given,
Lest thy young heart should break ;
So may we trust our God in heaven,
'Twill less life's burdens make.

ALONE WITH GOD !

Alone with God !
'Tis sweet to feel
That He is near,
When low we kneel,
And breathe into his gracious ear
Our every grief, our every fear.

Alone with God !
How sweet the hour,
When all unseen,
He sends the power
Of his blest Spirit from above,
And fills our hearts with heavenly love.

Alone with God !
When sins oppress,
And feeling deep,
Our need of grace,
To help us on the heavenly road,
E'en to the "city of our God."

Alone with God !
When on our souls,

Oft heavily,
A burden rolls,
For some poor captive soul in sin,
That through Christ's blood he "be made clean."

Alone with God !
'There is no grief
But we may gain
A sweet relief.
If we on him our burdens roll ;
He'll fill with joy the fainting soul.

Alone with God !
Oft may we be,
Till we in heaven
His face shall see.
And then with all the ransomed throng,
Our prayers be turned to praise and song.

FIDELITY.

Suggested by the sadness of a friend on the Anniversary
of the death of a sainted companion.

My heart is sad and lone, my love !
Thinking of thee to-day,
For 'tis many years to-day, love,
Since thou wert called away,

To dwell in thy bright "angel home,"
That "Summer Land of Song,"
Where music floats on every breeze,
And its sweet strains prolong.

'Twas in the very heat of noon,
'Thou wither'd at my side ;
Leaving me 'lone to breast life's waves,
To stem the heaving tide.

And when the storm has fiercely raged,
And dark has been the night,
The clouds have rift, and lo ! a star
Has burst upon my sight.

That star's thy love, it ne'er hath waned,
Through all these weary years ;
My guide, my talisman it's been
Through this dark vale of tears.

And from thy happy home above,
Methinks thou look'st to-day,
And knowest all that doth befall
Me on life's rugged way.

I have been true to thee, my love,
Through all the years now flown ;
No other one has shared that love,
It has been thine alone.

And oh ! how often in my dreams,
Thou come'st unto me ;
Thy fairy hand upon my brow
Thrills me with ecstasy.

I hear thee whisper soft and low,
As kneeling at my side,
Thy breathings soft as angels are,
Then quickly from me glide.

When a few more years have flown away,
I hope to come to thee,
And wilt thou not from thy bright home,
Be first to welcome me?

This thought shall smooth my lonely way,
It will not seem so long,
For well I know thou'lt teach to me,
Thine own sweet angel song.

And clasping thy dear hand, my love,
We'll dwell forever more,
'Mid scenes of Light, where shadows ne'er
Becloud the vision o'er.

LINES

Written with reference to the attempted assassination of President Garfield, and the day set apart by the Governor of Massachusetts to pray for his recovery, viz: September 8, 1881.

Our nation's in mourning,—its chieftain laid low ;
'Twas the hand of assassin that dealt out the blow,
Which though aimed at his life, our God inter-
posed—

We must wait for th' issue which He only knows.

'Tis well, in city, village, hamlet, to-day,
Our people should pause from life's duties to pray
That the Great All Father, His mercy will show,
And raise up our ruler, by suffering, so low.

A God-given ruler !—so noble and true,—
We are loth to believe that his life-work is through.
His counsels we need, yea, his labors and prayers ;
We pray kindly Heaven, his life long to spare !

CHILDHOOD.

Merry, happy childhood !
With thy winning ways,
Dancing in the sunshine,
Through the live-long day,

Chasing every shadow
Which thou chance to meet ;
Never quite discouraged,—
Urging eager feet.

If o'er "rough sod" stumbling,
And a tear let fall,
Quickly it's brushed away,
And forgotten all.

In thy castle building,
In thine airy dreams.
Dipped in rainbow colors,
All thy future seems.

Merry ! magic ! childhood !
Bound by fairy spell ;
"Ignorance is bliss" to thee—
Soon, thou'lt know full well

That thy castle building
Was an empty dream ;
Thy bright pictures, shadows,
Life not what it seems.

Then may strength be giv'n
To look beyond the stars ;
To those enduring mansions,
Walled in by sunset bars !

And thoughts of happy entrance,
When e'er life's work is done,
Help thee to breast its billows
Until the race is run !

TO MR. AND MRS. J. P.

IN MEMORIAM.

They tell us our Thurman is dead,
Our darling, our own precious boy ;
No more shall we see him in life
Sporting gaily with marble or toy.

But oh, no ! our darling's not dead,—
His spirit has burst its earth-bars,
And soared to blest regions of Light,
Far above yon bright glittering stars.

Yet still it seems near and around,
His childish voice often we hear ;
So like the sweet tones of the past,
Calling parents and sister so dear.

On our lips we feel his warm kiss,
Bless God for his dear presence still !
'Twill help so to lighten our grief,
While we bow to the dear Master's will.

Two Angel ones now are above,—
Not dead ! only gone on before,
To greet us when we too shall tread,
The blest shores of the glad "Evermore."

October 25, 1880.

THE OUTCAST.

Suggested by hearing a popular lecturer relate the following incident, a short time since.

"Forgive me, dear mother !
And, oh ! let me come home,—

For a penitent wand'rer,
This evening I come."

All shivering and cold,
At the door stone she stood,
With her face half conceal'd
'Neath the old faded hood.

"Forgive me, dear mother !
And oh ! let me come in,
I'm weary, so weary,
Of the dark paths of sin."

She waited an answer,
Her whole being shook,
With hoping and fearing ;
O, how eager her look !

The mother, so haughty,
Very harshly replied,
"I cannot forgive you,—
Away with you, my child."

Like crash of an earthquake,
Like the whirlwind, she heard,

This answer so wrathful,
With no comforting word.

“I am lost ! I am lost !
Both to God and to man,
If mother forgives not,
Surely God never can.”

She sank down exhausted,
For her heart it was broke—
How little that mother
Thought, her cruel words spoke !

Taken up by watchmen,
For a home of reform,
They bore her meanwhile,
Thro' the pitiless storm.

The dwelling was reached,
But the spirit had fled,
And the poor wandering child
Was asleep with the dead !

Eager searching was made,
The proud mother was found ;

And so deep her remorse
That her grief knew no bounds !

All tenderly buried
She, her lov'd one from sight,
Bemoaning so deeply,
Her cold harsh words that night.

Oh ! could she recall them,
Aye ! what wealth would she give ;
But no, they would haunt her,
Until ceasing to live.

Beware, then ye parents,
Lest your hearts be grief riven ;
And forgive ye th' erring,
As you'd be forgiven.

HYMN OF WELCOME.

Written for the Semi-Centennial of the Baptist Church
East Haverhill, January 3, 1872.

Thrice welcome to our Jubilee !

Each heart re-echoes come !

Ye "Sons and Daughters from afar,

We bid you "Welcome home !"

Yes, welcome to our dear "Old Church,"

Our praises and our songs ;

Help us to chant the sweet refrain,

And its soft strains prolong.

Praise !—praise ! praise to Him who hath preserved

Our church through fifty years,—

Oft raised in expectations bright,

Then bowed in grief and tears.

But ne'er a cloud so dark, but what

The light came riftng through,

And with fresh courage for the strife,

They urged their way anew.

We trust they have not toiled in vain,

For God hath deigned to bless,

And scores of souls been "gathered in,"

By His "redeeming grace."

Yes, faithful watchmen here have stood,
Four whom have passed away,—
And from the battlements of Heaven,
Look they not on to-day?

With many other faithful ones,
Who laid life's burden down,
Their voices hear, their forms we see,
Though wearing heavenly crowns.

Their memories like incense sweet,
Breathe out upon the air ;
A sweet perfume, nor can we e'er
Forget their fervent prayers.

Those prayers have brought rich blessings down,
And we have lived to see,
This day of glad memorial,
Fraught with prosperity.

In deep humility we bow,—
Our Father ! and our Friend !
As Thou hast led us hitherto,
So guide us to the end !

"CALL ME DARLING, PAPA."

The shades of evening were gath'ring,
Slowly darkening hill top and dale ;
Night's vespers solemnly rising,
As incense from hamlet and vale.

When a father, sad and lonely,
Sat down in his darkened home,
Its light had suddenly faded,—
That mother was laid in the tomb !

While musing in grief and sadness,
A childish voice fell on his ear,
Saying, so earnest and touching,
"Call me darling ! O papa dear."

He had scarcely seen four summers,
That mild-eyed affectionate boy,
Strange ! mamma should go and leave him,
When he gave to her so much joy !

How deeply his heart was yearning,
To be loved and petted again ;
He longed for mamma's loving kiss,—
To be called by his sweet pet-name.

The father woke from his dreaming,
And he pressed to his heart his boy ;
His soul was stirred with emotion—
Emotions of grief and of joy.

Yes ! yes ! I will call thee darling ;
My precious, my own darling one,—
Will strive to take the place of her,
Who has left us so sad and lone.

And the weight of sorrow lightened,
As he thought of his children dear ;
And that dreary home was brightened,
For he stayed the swift falling tear.

He felt that he had a mission,
That the mother beckoned him on,
He must make happy his lov'd ones,
As she always in life had done.

And he prayed that God would help him,
To guide their feet to that "blest shore,"
And gathered there in her embrace,
A loving band to part no more !

TEMPERANCE HYMN.

We publish this month a beautiful Temperance Hymn, from the pen of Viola Glenwood,* the sentiment of which will find a place in the heart of every true Son of Temperance.—Temperance Roll Call.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., 1874.

Speed thee on, the cause of Temperance,—
Raise the Temperance Banner high !
Let it float o'er every nation,
Towering even to the sky !

Success to every Temperance Club !
May we thus increase our strength,
And the hydra-headed monster
Driven from our midst at length.

Then shall wretched wives and children
Bless thee till their latest day ;
If thou haste to rescue loved ones,
Who are wandering far astray !

Then speed on the cause of Temperance—
Raise the Temperance Banner high,
Till it floats o'er every nation—
Towering even to the sky !

*Former signature.

LINES.

“ ’Twas ever thus from childhood’s hour,
I’ve seen my fondest hopes decay—
I never loved a tree or flower,
But ’twas the first to fade away.”

In childhood’s years I watched a cloud
Float o’er the bosom of the sky,
Sailing along in beauty proud,
Upon a bright and summer’s day.
On—on—’twas borne, and farther, till
It vanished like a speck from view ;
I turned away in childish grief,
To bid my golden cloud adieu !

And then I sat me ’mid the flowers
I’d planted in a cherished nook,
And listened there for many an hour,
To warbling birds and babbling brook.
One tender rose-bud was my pride—
I watched to see its leaves unfold ;
Nor could this flow’ret been more dear,
Though yielding petals purest gold !

Paint, if you can, my childish grief,
When wand'ring forth at early morn,
Wither'd, I saw my cherished flower,—
Just as the rose had fully blown.
And then I loved a school-mate dear,
A little angel kindly given
'To share my childish joys and griefs,
But quick she vanished up to Heav'n.

She bade me not to "weep for her,
That both ere long would angels be,
And side by side in Heav'n we'd walk,
In robes of white and purity."
Years have rolled on—and lovely flowers,
And cherished friends have cheer'd my way,
But "I've e'er found what I prized most,
Has been the first to fade away."

And now all weary I've become,
Of leaning upon earthly joys,
Joys which are naught, compared with Heaven,
Unmixed with aught of earth's alloy.
And may I one day enter there,
Where glorious clouds ne'er fade away,—

Where loving friends and cherished flowers
Fade not, or wither in a day.

NEW YEAR—1873.

'The old year has faded and vanished away,—
With brow sadly wrinkled and locks that are gray.
Its hopes and its fears and its pleasures have fled,
And now it is resting with those that have sped !

'The cold chilling winds now its requiem sing,
No more will it waken with the soft breath of
spring,—
For the New Year comes dancing along in its track,
And lo ! in the distance, is driving it back !

Thrice welcome ! New Year ! with thy bright smiling mien,
With wintry gems sparkling thy drapery gleams.
The cold winds are sporting thy long flowing hair,
While frost-work and ice-pearls are glittering there.

Thy hands are bearing a mysterious scroll,
Whose contents unfoldeth as each day unrolls ;
Each forms a record which forever shall stand,
In colors all glowing from an infinite hand.

'Tis naught, we beseech thee, our future to tell,
We must leave it to Him who knoweth full well,
Whether shadow or sunshine fall on our way,
Or whether we live till the year's passed away.

To see thee again, when thy beauty has fled,
With brow sadly wrinkled, and hoary thy head,
Bent low, 'neath the weight of a ripened old age,
With thy brothers before, to sink in the grave !

As the years are so fleeting, may each prove to be
A record all golden, from selfishness free ;
Securing at last, a glad entering in
To that City of Light, which no mortal hath seen.

EARTH'S JEWELS.

It is related of Rachel, the "Queen of Tragedies," that, clinging to life with a desperate hold, she begged, even in dying, to behold the splendid jewels which had been the trophies of her triumph. Clutching them with her thin hands, she exclaimed bitterly, "Why part with these so soon?"

“Why part with my jewels so soon?”

The Queen of Tragedies said,
As she begged them all to be brought,
To behold on her dying bed.

“These, these are the splendid trophies
Of triumph and laurels I’ve won,”—
With pale thin fingers she clutched them,
And sighed she must leave them so soon !

“Vast crowds have admired their beauty,
To my genius the world bowed down ;
Would I could carry them with me,
As I go to the dark grave alone !

“O, death ! so cruel, relentless !
Why take Fame and jewels so soon ?
Why all life’s visions be darkened,
Ere my sun has scarce reached its noon ?”

Oh ye who’re searching for pleasure,
Gath’ring jewels and laurels of fame,
You know not how soon you’ll leave them,
And scarce be remembered your name !

Seek, then, that jewel immortal,
That "pearl of great price," ever fair ;
'Twill guide through the heavenly portals,
Set thou then this jewel with care.

On thy brow fore'er 'twill glitter,
Its radiance ne'er will grow dim ;
And in the blest music of Heaven,
Thou'lt join with the glad seraphim.

LINES

Written for a Holmes' entertainment, East Haverhill,
April 14, 1881.

Doctor and Poet, thee we find,
Not often in one man combined ;
Ready to furnish songs or pills,
For physical or mental ills.

For mental ills thy songs oft cheer,
When "Rip Van Winkle" doth appear,
"Aunt Tabitha," "Dorothy Q.,"
And "Bill and Joe" burst on the view.

And poems, too, for every mood,
For gayer hours and solitude ;
For "breakfast table," "dinner," "tea,"
What'er the tastes of guests may be.

Thy strains on Bryant's natal day,
Grow sweeter as the years go by ;
Since lyre unstrung, and spirit gone,
He chants among the "shining throng."

When o'er us burst those clouds of war,
Thy stirring notes were heard afar ;
Battling for freedom and the right,
Till rift the clouds, dispelled the night.

Long hast thou sung—till o'er thy brow
The silv'ry threads are gleaming now,
But yet thy spirit will be young,
Till sounding lyre be all unstrung.

Ere set life's sun, may years be long—
Thine harp still breathing sweetest song ;
'Neath touches of the master's hand,
Singing at length 'mong seraph band.

ON THE RECEPTION OF A LOVELY ROSE.

Thanks for the rose thou gavest me,—
An emblem 'tis of purity,
Just as its Maker bade it grow,
To beautify our earth below.

Its leaves, how delicate and fair,
Marred not by e'en the slightest scar,
Surpassing any work of art,
In such perfection, every part.

But soon this flower will droop and die,
Its lovely leaves in ruin lie.
Its mission done—its perfume fled,
It lies a scattered wreck instead.

But not in vain this flower had birth—
It shed its fragrance o'er the earth.
How grateful was its sweet perfume,
Inhaled by all who saw its bloom.

So may the world brighter appear,
That we have had existence here ;
And memories sweet of kindly deed
Yield fragrance, when life's work has ceased.

OLDEN MEMORIES.

I'm sitting in the twilight,
Pond'ring days of "Auld Lang Syne,"
While a tide of happy mem'ries
Comes sweeping o'er my brain.

Memories of happy hours,
And its sports I loved so well,
Seeking e'er the first wild flowers,
On mossy hill or dell.

Ah ! well do I remember
The old dark-red school-house dear,
On thy loved banks, sweet Merrimac !
Flowing so bright and clear.

The loving band who gathered
With me there from day to day,
I will not mourn, though some of them
From earth have fled away.

Now comes one to my vision,
With bright blue eyes and gold'n hair,
Whose soul was lovely as her face,
Which seemed exceeding fair.

She grew to womanhood,—was joined
In holy bands with him she loved :
But soon the bridegroom called—she said,
“I haste to dwell above.”

We made her grave in spring-time,
In a pleasant, flowery dell,
And grieved that nevermore we'd look
On the dear form we'd loved so well.

Others, too, have entered in
Those pearly gates she left ajar,
No more they'll tread this world of sin,—
Naught shall their pleasure mar.

Other mem'ries come and go,
Darkly hued, as well as light,
But I will close my simple verse,
For swiftly fades twilight.

WINTER SCENES.

Come gather round the social hearth,
When wintry winds are high,

And stormy clouds, like battlements,
Look frowning from the sky.

Pile high the wood upon the fire,
And hear its crackling roar,
As fitfully the blaze ascends,
We'll heed the storm no more.

But list to scenes of other days,
As each one in his turn,
A leaf of memory shall unfold,
Perchance we'd never learned.

Grandparents shall be first to speak,
What changes they can tell
In their loved homes and country dear,
Where many brave ones fell.

Some, from their own dear childhood homes
Did sacrifice their life
In fighting for their country's cause,
Falling amid the strife.

The parents next ; what pleasant scenes
To us they each unfold,

Of pleasant school-days, childish sports,
The half cannot be told.

But wherefore do their eyes grow dim?
Why tears unbidden come?
'Tis doubtless for some missing one,
So long since gathered home.

Perchance a sprightly little elf,
Whom everybody loved;
Who early strayed from earthly fold,
To heavenly fold above.

And now each one, from old to young,
Doth pleasant memories bring,
Such pictures bright, when life seemed clad,
In one perpetual spring.

Such retrospection, oh, how sweet!
So full of light and shade;
These shadows like an artist's touch,
The pictures brighter made.

And thus the hours do sweetly glide,
Till daylight gently falls,

And sober evening throws around
Her dark and shadowy pall.

Then gather round the social hearth,
When winter winds are high,
Nor heed the storm while glide the hours
With "olden memories."

"I WOULD I WERE A CARELESS CHILD."

I would I were a careless child !
How blithely would I pass my days ;
From morn I'd pluck the flow'rets wild,
Till hid the sun his golden rays.

I'd pluck the lily and the rose,
And with sweet-smiling evergreen,
I'd twine them into garlands fair,
And deck me like some fairy queen.

I would not dream that e'er the frost
Would rob my flowers of their bright hue,
That e'er their beauty'd fade away,
And they be hidden from my view.

I would not dream that ever friends
Would change, as doth the April day,
But strengthened would each friendship be,
As rolled the circling year away.

I would not dream that ever age
Would pale the cheek and dim the eye,
But youthful vigor still remain,
Till each in turn lie down to die.

I would not dream that ever death
Would place his signet on my brow,
And freeze, by his cold, icy breath,
Life's blood that flows so freely now.

Of none of these would I e'er dream,
But paint the future ever fair,
And fancy that one day I'd dwell
Where angels and bright seraphs are.

“A KINGDOM THAT CANNOT BE MOVED.”

We ask for “a kingdom that cannot be moved,”
Like those mansions enduring beyond the bright
sky,

Where the clarion of war will never be heard,
Nor ever resoundeth the fierce battle's cry.
For history is rife with the rise and the fall
Of nations and empires tow'ring to Heaven,
But they tottered and fell—their glory has ceased—
And now scarce a name to some has been given.

To-day sat the king in great pomp on his throne,
Throughout his vast kingdom exerting his power,
But faction rose up, and ere the morrow's sun,
Was banished or slain, to hold scepter no more.
The tottering throne no more raised its proud head,
Its foundation crumbled, no more to be built,
And the kingdom distracted, in sackcloth did
mourn,
Perchance, it may be, the reward of its guilt.

Thus—thus it has been, e'er since time began,
And thus it will be till time is no more ;
Kingdoms fall ne'er to rise, and cruel wars rage,
Till nations shall cease to extend wealth and
power.

E'en now is Columbia, our own happy land,
Distsacted and suffering, we hope not to fall,

We feel that deliv'rance can come from Thy hand,
O God of thy fathers ! on Thee we would call.

Forbid our proud banner should "trail in the dust,"
But o'er our whole country, e'er proudly it wave.
Send peace ! Oh, send peace ! that the sword may
be sheathed,

Our dearly bought freedom, Oh, help us to save !
We feel that we merit thy judgments, O God !

We have boasted too much of our wealth and
our power,
Now help us to bow 'neath thy judgments severe,
And instead of our gifts, the giver adore.

And seeing how changing are all things below,
That kingdoms will fall, though reaching the sky,
We ask for "a kingdom that cannot be moved,"
E'en that kingdom eternal, beyond the bright sky.

THE REFINER.

Cast into the crucible
Choicest metals e'er have been,

Heated by a fiery furnace,
Till upon its surface seen

By the gaze of the refiner,
His own image mirro'd there.
Oh ! how anxiously he's watched it,
Lest some dross should still appear.

He would purify and fit them
For earth's richest, costliest gems,
Worthy to be placed by monarchs
In their Regal Diadems.

Thus doth Christ, the Great Refiner,
His own children often cast
In the crucible of sorrow,
Round which flames are rising fast.

Heating up the fiery furnace,
Till His image doth appear ;
All the dross of sin consuming,
That they may His spirit bear.

He would purify and set them,
As bright jewels in His crown,

Beaming there with dazzling brightness,
As eternal years roll on.

Precious saviour ! shall we murmur,
Though the process be severe ?
From the furnace we'll look upward,
And behold Thee seated there,

Looking on with heart of pity,
And a countenance of love,
Well we know that Thou would fit us
For Thy Regal Crown above.

GLEANING.

RUTH II. 19.

Christian gleaner ! tell me pray,
Whither hast thou gleaned to-day ?
Hast thou 'mongst the withered leaves,
Gathered any scattered sheaves
To thy God to bring ?

Hast thou by the wayside gleaned
Any sheaves from scattered seed

Dropt in seasons long ago,
Fearing thou might'st never know
 Any fruit therefrom?

Or, upon some broad highway,
Where crowds throng from day to day,
'Thou hast scattered seed for years,
Wat'ring oft with prayers and tears,
 Has thy heart been cheered?

Or, in some vast harvest field,
Which abundantly doth yield,
Hast thou after reapers gleaned
Till all weary thou hast seemed,
 'Neath thy weight of sheaves?

Hast thou in some humble cot
Where the world hast seen thee not,
Words of consolation given?
Gathering thus, some sheaf for Heaven,
 Blest has been thy lot !

But should'st thou all day have gleaned,
And thy labor fruitless seemed,

That so few have been thy sheaves,
Bring them all, nor stop to grieve,
God will not despise.

He will accept thy strong desire,
Burning within like hidden fire,
That thou by thine unceasing toil
May help to make His garner full
Of rich and shining sheaves.

And when the "Heavenly Reapers" come,
Thou'lt shout with them the "harvest home."
And while eternal years roll on,
Mingle fore'er in Heaven's songs,
Thy sheaves all gathered in !

SILVER WEDDING HYMN.

TO MR. AND MRS. A. D.

O what a "tide of memories"
Come thronging back to-day,
Of the past five and twenty years,
Sped like a dream away,

Since you at Hymen's altar stood,
Your destinies to join ;
And by the "Man of God" pronounced,
Henceforth to be "as one !"

Then you were in the days of youth,
Your hearts were free from care,
No shadows of the future came
To dim the vision fair.

And from the lips of loving friends,
Who looked upon the scene,
Came greetings kind, that life might glide
On peaceful and serene.

And bright methinks the years have sped,
Few shadows dimmed the way,
Only to make the scene more bright,
Like night, preceeding day.

A child to cheer and bless your home,
Has unto you been given ;
We trust to journey on life's way,
Till you both rest in Heaven.

And now accept our greetings kind,
With wishes that you may
A Golden Wedding—Diamond see—
As speed the years away.

WOMAN.

Angel of Mercy ! kindly given
To cheer man through life's desert drear,
To soothe the heart by anguish riven,
And wipe away the falling tear.

Thy heart is full of tenderness,
Of kindness, gentleness and love ;
Oh, what a glorious mission thine,
Angel of Mercy from above !

To share with man his joys and griefs,
To cheer his path thou sure wast given,
To shed bright sunshine on his way,
And make his little home a heaven.

When cares oppress, and sickness comes,
A "ministering angel" thou,

Thou watch'st by his bed of pain,
And gently sooth'st the fevered brow.

O man, see that thou duly prize
This gentle being sent from Heaven,
And ne'er by harshness or neglect,
Let her fond heart by grief be riven.

True, she is frail, and so art thou,
Then with each other's frailties bear ;
'Tis Heaven's design that mutually,
Life's joys and sorrows thou should'st share.

O woman ! truly blest art thou,
Without thee dark would earth appear,
'Tis thy delight to cheer the sad,
To wipe away the falling tear.

AN APRIL DAY.

'Tis a pleasant April day,
Snows are gliding swift away,
And the sunshine seems so bright,
Like a flood of golden light.

Glad am I that Winter's past.
Glad the Springtime's come at last,
Glad to hear the birds' sweet notes
Piping up from tiny throats.

So oftimes in human hearts,
Winter seems so loth to start ;
And mentally, all's so drear,
As though Spring would ne'er appear.

But, like sunshine after rain,
Springtime bursteth forth again,
"Winter's discontent" forgot
By the brightness Spring hath brought.

Let us, then, the lesson learn,
God will give us in their turn
Seasons—blessings—He thinks best ;
Let us leave to Him the rest.

NO WEEPING THERE.

No tears in Heaven—
There all are wiped away

And perfect bliss is found,
In those bright realms of day.

No grieving there—
O'er ties all rudely riven,
And parting is not known
On the blest shores of Heaven.

No sickness there,—
Pain is forever fled,
And rest is never sought,
To ease the weary head.

Age is not there,
For none are bowed with years,
But on the brow of each,
"Immortal youth" appears.

No night is there,—
But one eternal day ;
For every darksome shadow
Forever's fled away.

No sin is there,—
All, all is purity,

Within those pearly gates,
'Twill ne'er admitted be.

No sorrow there,
O'er loved ones passed away ;
Stern death can never come
Within those realms of day.

Angels are there,—
A bright and shining throng,
With Heaven's ransomed hosts,
They join in rapturous song.

Loved ones are there,
Who've gone before to rest,
Waiting to welcome us,
To dwell among the blest.

Jesus is there,—
'Tis He who makes it Heaven,
To each of us at last,
May this sweet rest be given.

NEW ENGLAND.

Oh, tell me not of lands more fair,
Sweet flowers, whose breath perfumes the air
Of sunnier skies, and scenes more bright,
Almost enchanting to the sight ;
Of richer birds, who sweetly sing,
And fly abroad on rapid wing,
'Mid orange bowers and stately lime,
Pleased with their own bright sunny clime,

Where more delicious fruits abound,
And golden gems in mountains found ;
Where spice and pomegranite grow,
And sparkling waters ever flow.
I love my own bright Northern home,
Its pleasant fields I love to roam,
To see the grain and waving corn,
When glory gilds the rising dawn.

To breathe its air so pure and free,
And hear the birds' sweet minstrelsy ;
To me her skies seem ever bright,
Though winter robes the earth in white.
Then tell me not of lands more fair,—

New England ever will be dear ;
No spot on earth I love so well,
And here I ever wish to dwell.

AUTUMN.

Yes ! Autumn with its chilling blasts
Has returned to us again,
And the withered leaves are rustling
Through the forest, o'er the plain.

Though their living green has faded,
They are beauteous in decay,
With their variegated colors,
As if dyed in sunset ray.

Spring has passed—the time of sowing,
Summer, too, with lovely flowers ;
Oh ! how swiftly sped each season,
With its bright and gleesome hours.

Autumn's rich and golden harvest
Carefully's been gathered in ;

God has blessed the seed and sower,
Good and gracious he has been.

Ye who'd reap a plenteous harvest,
In the Autumn of your years,
Plant good seed in life's fair Spring-time,
Then for age you need not fear.

Happy memories will cluster,
Of many a kindly deed,
Yielding thee abundant harvest ;
Sow thou, then, the choicest seed.

Seeds of virtue, and seeds of truth,
These will yield thee happiness,
In the rich Autumn of thy years,
Nor Winter's age know dreariness.

Ah, no ! thou shalt not dreary be,
Though death's chill blasts around thee blow,
Thy soul shall rise to God and Heaven,
Though sleeping 'neath the wintry snow.

THE CRUSADERS.

"It is related that when Peter the Hermit led on the armies of the Crusaders at the taking of Jerusalem, they often urged each other on their toilsome way by loudly shouting, 'On! on! to the Holy City!' "

"On, on, to the Holy City!"

The brave Crusaders cry,

"We'll wrest it from the enemy.

Yea! we'll conquer, though we die."

Their glorious leader, Peter

The Hermit, led them on;

They feared not toil or suffering,

Though death itself should come.

Jerusalem they entered,

And on its walls they stood,

Welt'ring at every footstep

In a sea of human blood.

Here's a lesson for earth's pilgrims,

Journeying on the heavenly road,

Oft to urge each other onward

To the "City of their God!"

LINES

Presented to a friend Christmas, 1873, with a picture made from Autumn leaves.

Autumn leaves—how fraught with story
Of Spring and Summer's faded glory.
Still in decay they seem more bright,
Like gold-fringed clouds, 'ere comes the night.

But though these leaves may fade and die,
Their ashes will not alwas lie,
By Spring's soft breezes gently fanned,
They'll re-appear throughout the land.

'Tis thus, "frail man," his life how brief!
He fades and withers "like the leaf,"
But when shall burst the bands of death,
He shall put on "immortal youth."

If striving here to do God's will,
He doth life's great behest fulfil,
Then bright-hued shall Life's Autumn be,
So like these leaves I give to thee.

LINES

Read at the Memorial Services of President Garfield, in the Baptist Church, East Haverhill, Sunday, September 25, 1881.

Toll softly, ye bells, for a good man has gone !
'Tis fitting our nation in sackcloth should mourn,
For a Garfield beloved, to assassin a prey,
A blot on our banner, we mourn it to-day !
How fondly we hoped that his life might be spared,
That the Great God would hear our importunate
prayer,

Which daily ascended from east and from west ;
But in grief we would bow to Heaven's behest,

Rememb'ring that He who doth "temper the wind
To the shorn lamb," doth know how our sorrows to
bind,

And good come from evil, that thus we may see
How great is His power, how short-sighted are we.
A braver, and truer, ne'er ruled o'er our land,
Who aimed to mete justice with impartial hand,
So loyal to God, to home, country dear,
What wonder our nation bends low o'er his bier.

But his mission's ended ; like a hero he fell,
And the pages of hist'ry the story will tell
How he fell at his post, still trusting in God,
With never a murmur 'neath the chast'ning rod.
Though sleeping to-day, deaf to earth's praise or
blame,

Forever will live his illustrious name.

And may he who presides o'er our nation to-day,
Look to Heav'n for guidance, like Garfield, we
pray.

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